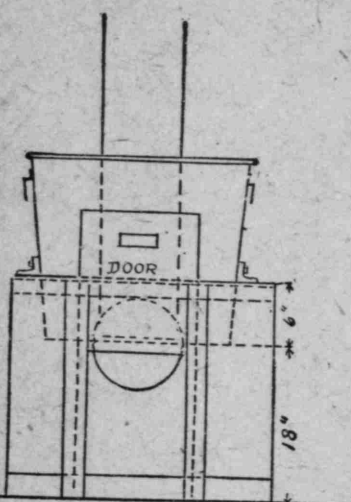


## HORTICULTURE

FOR B. LING LIME-SULPHUR.

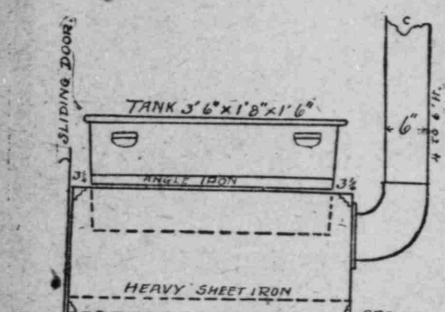
Stove and Tank Which Makes the Task an Easy One.

I send a sketch of a stove I had made last winter to boil the lime-sulphur wash in, writes a correspondent of Rural New Yorker. The tank is made of galvanized iron, and the base



Plan of the Tank.

of heavy sheet iron with angle iron around the top and bottom edge inside. The tank has an angle iron riveted to the sides about six inches from the bottom to carry it when in place on the stove. The fuel door is made to slide up, but it could be made with hinges if preferred. The tank has handles on the sides so that it can be lifted off to rinse it out. The smoke pipe may be any length. To keep it from being blown over the pipe may be wired to a stake driven in the ground near it. I used this stove last spring in cooking over 1,000 pounds of sulphur. The base is made without a



Side View of Tank.

bottom, and the door is made large to admit of using large pieces of wood. The tank will take 30 pounds of lime and 30 pounds of sulphur with the necessary water without danger of boiling over.

### HINTS ON INSECT CONTROL.

Points Which Ought to Be Considered at This Season of Year.

Insects live over in almost all stages and the fall and winter furnish a good season for reducing their ravages the following year. It will be well to bear the following points in mind to aid in this work:

Dispose of all rubbish. Many insects which hibernate in the adult stage seek rubbish of all kinds. Here they are protected from the severe change in the weather which is so detrimental to their constitution and escape the prying eyes of their bird enemies. All rubbish should be consigned to the compost heap or plowed under to furnish humus for the soil. Stuff that cannot be used in this way should be burned. Clean out the ditch banks and fence corners. Cut close and rake up all these places.

Fall and winter cultivation of the ground will help to dispose of grasshopper eggs and cutworms. If the ground is kept fallow during the fall, cutworms will disappear before the spring crops come up.

Disc the alfalfa. It will break up or bury the pods of grasshopper eggs and be a help to the plants. It will be well to discard dry exposed places where the grasshoppers have been abundant during the fall.

Make an examination of the spraying apparatus, and if necessary give the orchard a winter treatment. At any rate, be ready for the spring work.

Examine the seed peas. If they are weeviled, put them in a tight box and fumigate with carbon-bisulphide at the rate of four ounces to each bushel of peas. The fluid should be put in a shallow dish over the peas so that the fumes will flow down over the mass. Clean out around the apple trees and scrape off the rough bark to get rid of the hibernating insects.

Examine the chicken roosts and use some good disinfectant on them if the mites are troublesome. This should be repeated at intervals every few weeks until cold weather sets in.

### The Apple.

The apple is a deservedly popular favorite among fruits. It has a wide range of usefulness. It can be eaten raw, made into pies, apple dumplings and sauce either green or ripe. It can be baked, stewed, fried or roasted. It can be made into cider, vinegar, apple-jack, apple butter, pickle, jelly and preserves. It can be stored for winter in cans, dried or fresh. Individuals may have peculiar fruit tastes, but all like apples. It is a safe fruit to grow, for no family either in the city or country feels completely fed without it in some form daily in the house and on the table.

## CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

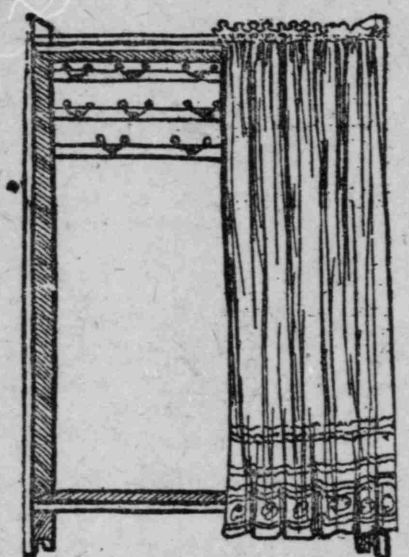
A CLOTHES CLOSET.

Convenient Article Which a Boy Can Build for Mother.

So many boys and girls are obliged to put up with small, closetless rooms, particularly those living in the city apartments and flats. And one of the most common complaints one hears from them is the lack of closet rooms. Now, it is not convenient to keep all one's wearing apparel in drawers, trunks and boxes.

There are clothes that should never be folded, but hung. Boys' coats and girls' skirts, for instance. Here are the directions for building a very serviceable and neat clothes closet at a very small expense; also a cut showing plan of closet accompanies.

Procure two boards—soft pine will answer nicely—about 14 to 16 inches wide by five feet long. Two boards the same width about four feet long. The two longer boards are to form the sides of the closet and the two shorter ones the bottom and top. After the four have been nailed together in the form of a box with two open



Home-Made Clothes Closet.

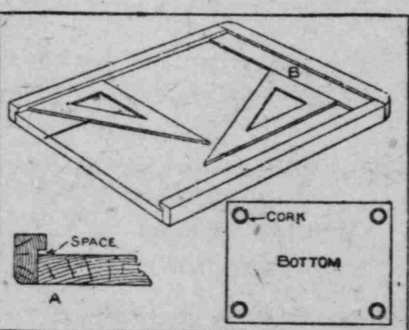
sides—narrow wood slats are to be nailed across one of the sides, placing them about five inches apart. These slats are to hold the clothes hooks. The number of slats should not be over four nor less than three, and the top one should be fitted tightly against the top board.

When the frame of the closet is complete stand it in the corner of your room or against the windowless side where your trunk has taken up so much room and been of so little use—and proceed to stain it with a nice dark furniture stain. It is well to follow the color of the wood in your room; or a clear white is very good, though it soils easily. After the stain is dry put in the hooks; then across the front stretch a curtain of cretonne or some dark, soft cotton stuff striped or figured in pretty colors. If you wish to use a pole and rings for the curtain you may do so, but you will find it better to run the curtain on a wire, as it prevents a particle of dust from getting in the closet, whereas, a curtain on pole and rings hangs so loosely that dust is liable to be found annoying.

### TASK FOR A BOY.

How You Can Make a Field Sketching Board.

Cut a piece of five-eighths-inch straight-grained pine board 10½ by 15½ inches and make it perfectly square. Fasten a piece of pine on two sides and one end of the board, as shown in the sketch. This piece of pine is rabbeted a trifle wider than the



Field Sketching Board.

board is thick, as shown in the end view at A, allowing a small space between the board and the rabbet edge, explains Popular Mechanics. Both outside and inside edges of this strip must be made straight for the T-square and triangle.

If the board is to be used for patent office drawings, it will be found handy to have a piece of old T-square, B, fitted into the closed end of the board. The space on the drawing paper under this piece of T-square is the space reserved for patent office drawing sheets. Four corks or pieces of felt are fitted to the bottom of the board, as shown. Paper clips may be used to hold the piece of T-square, B, and the drawing paper. The paper or Bristol board is slipped into the space left between the board and the edge of the rabbet and held in place with thumb tacks.

### An Infantile Explanation.

"Ouch!"  
"What's the matter, my child?"  
"My teeth trod on my tongue!"—Judge.

1809—The Lincoln

Centenary—1909

## Lincoln as a Story Teller

Part First—Lincoln Taught Lessons, Gave Mental Medicine and Spread Sunshine by Means of Stories

By James A. Edgerton

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SOME poet—was it Goethe?—once remarked that when trouble assailed him he got rid of it by writing a poem. If I believed this of some poets, I might have more charity for them. The methods of men to assuage grief are as variable as their temperaments. Some take to work, some to play. One prays, another blasphemes. This man drinks, and that one commits suicide.

Abraham Lincoln's way was "I DID NOT COME TO BETTER AND SANER HEAR STORIES." than most of these methods, possibly than all of them. He told stories.

Mr. Lincoln once expressed this idea to an important congressman that called full of business. The president began some innocent story, just by way of saying "Good morning." Thereupon the congressman puffed himself up. "Mr. President," he said, "I did not come here this morning to hear stories. It is too serious a time."

The smile faded from the president's face. Lincoln was ever gentle, truly a gentle man. Dividing that word defines it. But for this quality he would have terminated the interview with the bore then and there. As it was, he asked him quietly to sit down. "I respect you as an earnest, sincere man," he said to the congressman. "You cannot be more anxious than I have been constantly since the beginning of the war, and I say to you now that were it not for this occasional vent I should die."

The president had another object in giving way to the anecdote habit. Everybody else did it, or tried to, and he was so companionable a man that he wanted to be like other people. Telling stories was a national dissipation. Lincoln naturally fell into it, only he did it better than others. He raised it into an art.

It was his pastime. He did not drink or play cards. As for automobiling, affinities and buying legislatures, these diversions had not been invented, at least under these names. If they had been, Lincoln would not have had anything to do with them. They are the pastimes of the rich, and he was always poor. He had no vices, with the possible exception of talking politics. So his sport was telling stories. It beguiled his own hours and made other people happy. It was his method of teaching lessons, giving mental medicine and spreading sunshine.

The beauty of a Lincoln narrative is that it invariably has a point. In this it does not resemble all latter day humor. A collection of individuals one day visited the White House, and one grew rather familiar and asked the president to tell a story. Lincoln turned his back on the fellow and quietly remarked to the rest of the group that he never told stories just for the sake of telling stories. Throughout his life, whatever the reports might be, he had always told stories to illustrate a truth or enforce an argument.

Lincoln often put more into a story or into a pat phrase than some men put into a sermon—more, indeed, than some authors put into a book. For example, when one editor made a great outcry against the administration without adducing any facts to back it up Mr. Lincoln was reminded of a story:

A man traveling through Kansas on horseback was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. To make matters worse, night came on, there was no house seemingly in miles, and the traveler lost his way. As the storm grew more violent he dismounted and led his horse, stumbling along in the mud, the rain and the increasing din of the thunder. It was now the blackness of darkness except for intermittent flashes of lightning, and the traveler became terrified by the fact that he could not find the road. Suddenly a tremendous thunder crash brought him to his knees in this frightened prayer:

"O Lord, if it's all the same to you, give me a little more light and a little less noise."

A farmer once came to the president with the complaint that the soldiers had stolen his horse and he wanted the government to pay him at once. Lincoln replied that if he attended to each case like this he would have enough work for twenty presidents. This recalled a steamboat pilot story:

In one portion of his journey this pilot had to steer the boat through a most perilous stretch of rapids. One day while right in the middle of this boiling stretch of water he felt a tug at his coat-tail. "Hey, mister," piped a small boy, "stop your boat a minute. I've lost my apple overboard."

This recalls the time that the president turned on one committee of high-browed knickers who came to complain of the way he was running the government. After listening to them in patience he said:

Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep shouting at him: "Blondin, stand up a little straight-

er!" "Blondin, stoop a little more!" "Go a little faster!" "Lean a little more to the north!" "Lean a little more to the south!" No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government is carrying an enormous weight, untold treasure in its hands; it is doing the very best it can. Don't badger it; keep silence, and it will get you safe across.

After complimenting a young attorney one day on his remarkable flow of language Mr. Lincoln told the jury a story:

My young friend's gift of words has one serious drawback, which you, gentlemen, have witnessed in this case. It interrupts the action of his mind. When his tongue works, his brain quits. He reminds me of a little steamboat that used to run on the Sangamon river. It had a three foot boiler and a five foot whistle, and every time it whistled it had to stop.

Every collection of Lincoln stories must contain a number familiar to the reader, as they have all been published to the ends of the earth. Though old, they are worth repeating, however, because they are Lincoln's.

Appropos of nothing in particular or of nothing that can be recalled, Mr. Lincoln told this tale of the Massachusetts Puritans:

When the redskins were troubling the colonists up there considerably the Puritans one Thanksgiving made up their minds that things had gone far enough. So after the services, Thanksgiving at that time being a season of fasting and prayer, they just reorganized and held a business meeting. All they did was to pass three resolutions as follows:

"First, Resolved, That the earth and the fullness thereof belong to God.

"Second, That God gave the earth to his saints.

"Third, That we are the saints."

Then they went and slew every redskin in sight.

A visitor at the White House one day complimented the president on the fact that he had no vices, as he neither drank nor smoked. Lincoln showed at once that there was about him none of the holier than thou by retorting:

That is a doubtful compliment. I recollect once being outside a stagecoach, in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, but smoked for some time and then growled out, "It's my experience that folks who have no vices have generally very few virtues."

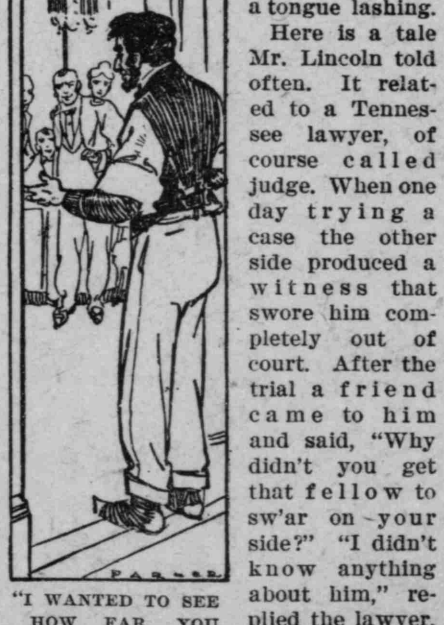
Not infrequently if the president had a rebuke to give he sugar coated it with a story. When it was felt that his life was in especial danger the servants and a guard were stationed in the White House and were supposed to keep moving about in different parts of the house. Contrary to this, one night they were all congregated in the dining room when Lincoln came in quietly in his stocking feet. The servants looked cheap, and the president told a story.

"Do you know what I'm like?" he said. When no one answered he resumed:

A little friend found forty-three eggs one day. He put them under one hen. When he had told his mother what he had done she asked him why. "She can't cover them all," said the lad's mother. "That's all right," said Johnnie. "I just wanted to see how far she could spread herself."

"I just wanted to see," continued the president, "how far you had spread yourselves."

The coachman who told the story said they kept themselves spread out after that and that the rebuke was better than a tongue lashing.



"I WANTED TO SEE HOW FAR YOU HAD SPREAD YOURSELVES," told you," said the friend, "for he would sw'ar for you just as hard as he'd sw'ar for the other side. That's his business. Judge, that fellow takes in sw'arin' for a livin'."

After the emancipation proclamation there was doubt expressed of the colored troops that had been enlisted. But they acquitted themselves in a manner to call forth general praise. Shortly afterward Lincoln was with General Grant when there was a review of the troops, the black fellows among the rest. The president told Grant that at such a time it was well to be a little color blind.

I think, general, that we can say of the colored boys what a country fellow who was an old time abolitionist said when he went to a theater in Chicago and heard Forrest play Othello. He was not up in Shakespeare and didn't know that the tragedian was blacked up for the purpose. After the play was over the folks who invited him to attend the show wanted to know what he thought of the actors, and he said, "Well, laying all sectional prejudices aside and any partiality I may have for the race, darned if I don't think the colored fellow held his own with any of 'em."



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## PUBLIC SALE GARAGE.

—OF— DAIRY OUTFIT!

Thursday, January 21st,

At 10 o'clock, A. M.,

on the W. S. Massie farm, near the city on the Ruckerville pike, I will sell publicly my Dairy outfit, as follows:

15 Good Cows, some will be fresh in a few days.  
One Good Grade Bull.  
15 Weanling Calves.  
Milk Wagon, good as new.  
1 Set Heavy Harness.  
25 Dozen Bottles.  
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